



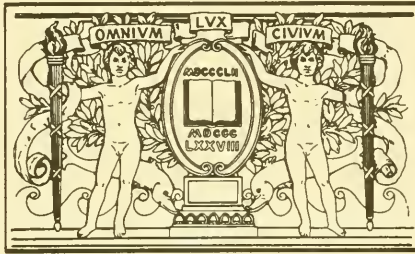
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DOGS AND PUPPIES



"NOW CHILDREN," SAID GYPSY, "I MUST BEGIN TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS."

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DOGS AND PUPPIES

CHAPTER I.

GYPSY'S FAMILY.

“Now, children,” said Gypsy, an old mother Boston Terrier, I must begin to teach you some manners, for you will soon have to leave your old mother, and go out into the world and look after yourselves. I heard your master say that Mrs. Updike was coming to look at you this afternoon, and that she would give a hundred and twenty-five dollars for the puppy that suited her, if he could show the pedigree papers and they were satisfactory.

“What are pedigree papers?” asked one of the little fellows, whose name was Fritz.

“They are papers, dear, that tell who your great-great-grand parents were, who your great-grand-parents were, who your grand-parents

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were, and who your father and mother are. You came from a very illustrious family. Your grandfather Aladdin took all the blue ribbons from the dog shows for years. He was valued at two thousand five hundred—a good round sum to pay for any dog, and I wish that every one of you might live to be as illustrious as your grandfather.”

“Fritz, stop biting Pretty’s ear, and pay attention to what I say,” and Gypsy gave the mischievous puppy a box on the ear that made him suddenly sit very straight.

“I am going to give you some good advice, and if you will listen very carefully, and remember what I say, you will save yourselves much trouble and worry, and your masters and mistresses will love you, and treat you well. First of all—Buster, come back here!” Here Gypsy stopped until Buster came back. Buster was always hungry, and whenever anyone came into the yard, he thought it was time for dinner, but at the sound of his mother’s voice, he knew she



"NOW, CHILDREN, I MUST BEGIN TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS."

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did not mean to waste any time, and ran back, and Gypsy went on:—

“First of all, never, *never* scratch or bite a child, no matter how badly it hurts you. Let it pull your ears and tail, and sit on you, but never, never, bite.” And Gypsy here looked very solemn, as if to try to make her children see how wicked it would be for a dog to hurt a child.

“Another thing,” she went on, “is this: When you are playing in the house, be very careful not to upset anything, and above all things, if you find a slipper or a shoe lying around anywhere, do not shake it to pieces, nor bite holes in it. If you do, you will be sure to be whipped and put out of doors.”

“Can’t we play at all,” said Fritz. “Do they expect us to lie down and sleep all of the time, the way a cat does?”

“No, of course not,” said Gypsy. “A little experience will teach you what you can play with. Maybe they will give you a ball, or may-



THEY HAD A GREAT TIME DECIDING WHICH WAS THE PRETTIEST.

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be an old rubber, that you can play with whenever you want to.

“And, children,” here Gypsy looked straight at Buster, with a frown that made him hide his head behind Pretty, “no matter what else you do, don’t steal from the pantry.”

“I didn’t,” began Buster—, but his mother interrupted him. “No, I know you didn’t, but you would have if you could.”

“And another thing, almost the most important of all, is to remember to be dignified. You are not common dogs, and so must not forget always to be on your dignity. You are Boston Terriers, and your grandfather was Aladdin. Remember this, my children, and be proud of it. I should die of shame if any of my children should fail to live up to the reputation of our family.”

And now wise old Gypsy saw that her puppies were restless, for it is very hard for puppies to sit still very long at a time, and so, with a part-

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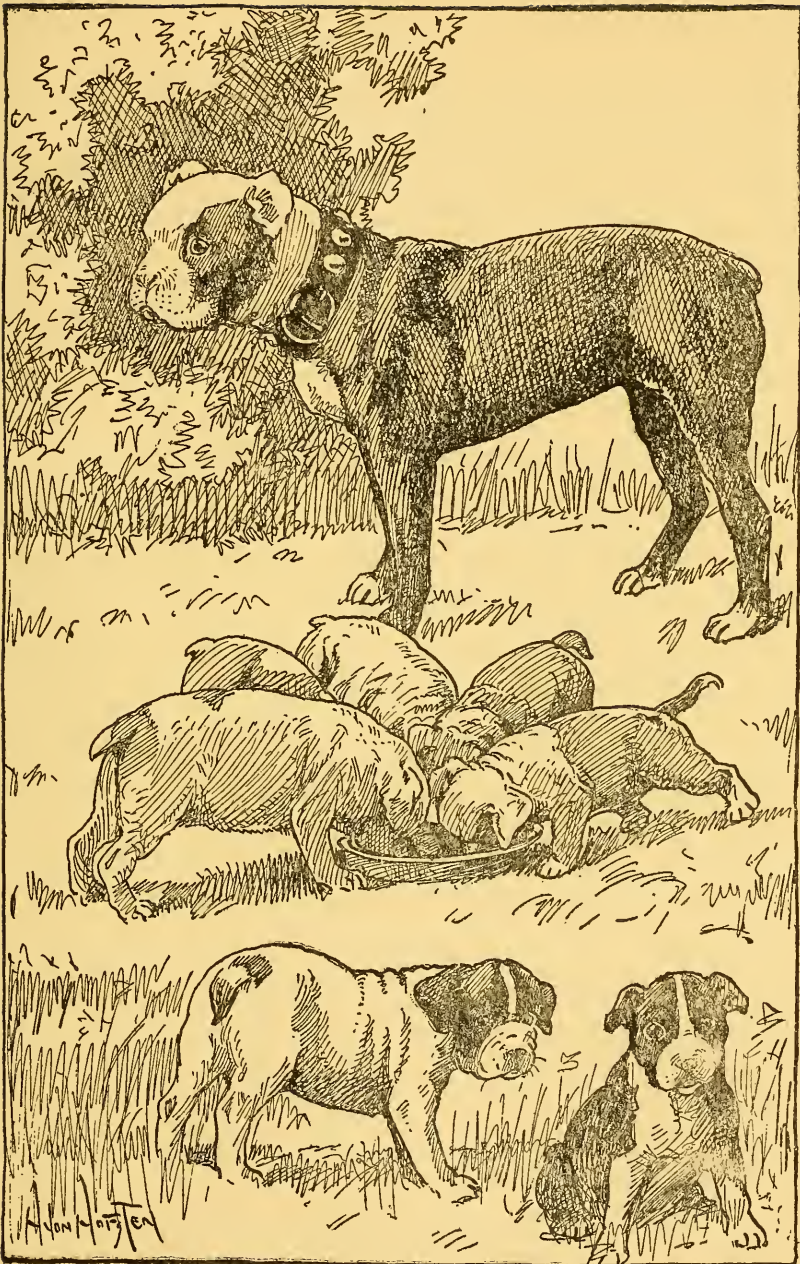
ing warning to remember all she had told them, she let them run off to play.

It was well the mother gave the children this advice on the day she did, for the next morning the little family were scattered, never to be all together again nor have any family reunion as people do, but that is all in a dog's life.

Their master intended to go to Europe for the following winter, and because he did not want to keep so many dogs while away, had offered them for sale. And so, on the very next day they were to go to their new masters or mistresses, as the case might be.

The first to arrive was a fashionably dressed lady with her French maid. They "Ohed!" and "Ahed!" over the dogs, and had a great time deciding which was the prettiest.

"Oh madam, this one, she is zee most pretty. She have such soft white hair, and she will look most beautiful with zee French bow on zee back of her neck."



GYPSY AND HER FAMILY.

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“You are right, Celeste, she will, and I can change the bows to match my gowns.”

“Oh, mother, I don’t want to go with them,” said Pretty, for it was Pretty of whom they were speaking. “I am afraid the French maid will be cross when her mistress is not around. You know dogs can tell who are their friends and who are only pretending.”

“I am very sorry you do not like her, dear, but be a good girl. Maybe the maid will not stay with the lady and you will like the next one better.”

“Here Pretty, Pretty, Pretty, come out from under that manger,” called the coachman who was taking care of the dogs. She had escaped from the coach-house into the stable where the horses were kept, and here she had hidden in the stall of her favorite horse, but the coachman fished her out.

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CHAPTER II.

PRETTY'S FIRST HOME.

With drooping ears and tail she was handed to the maid in the brougham, and driven away before she had a chance to say good bye to her loving mother or her brothers and sisters.

“Here, look up and don't be so stupid,” said the maid in French, which Pretty understood just as well as English, for dogs go by the sound of the voice and the manner of a person instead of by the words they say, to know what is wanted of them.

“She expects me to be lively and frisk around when my heart is breaking at being taken away from my mother.”

Poor little girl-puppy! She was going to have a hard time at her new home.

Pretty was just eight weeks old; still she was expected to know as much, and more, than a year old child, and was boxed on the ears for doing things that were perfectly natural for any puppy

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to do. It is a dog's nature to chew, especially when she is cutting a lot of little pearly teeth, and how was she to know the difference between the leg of a kitchen chair that cost sixty cents and a carved mahogany that cost ninety dollars?

Then again, she was expected to play with things that were dragged on to the floor in front of her, and the people laughed when she hung on and shook her head like a full grown bull-dog, and would not let go even when lifted off her feet. Then why was she slapped and scolded when she jumped on her mistress' long trailing blue silk gown and tore the lace when it caught in her claws?

“Oh dear, what have I done now?” and she ran under the sofa to hide from the hard-hearted and harder handed French maid.

Her mistress only played with her for a few minutes at a time, when she fed her candy and other things that tasted good but always made her sick afterward. And just when she had cramps until she was most dead and was shiver-



IF A DOG'S LIFE EVER FELT IN A PLEASANT PLACE, THIS LITTLE PUPPIE'S SURELY DID.

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ing with the cold, she would be picked up, slapped and put out of doors, until the poor little puppy thought that all there was in the world was cross French maids and slaps, with never a friendly dog to talk to from one week's end to another.

One day, however, a little boy came to visit the lady, and Pretty had the time of her life. My! such fun! Upstairs, downstairs, under tables, over chairs! And when finally, the little boy had gone, and Pretty, so hot and tired she could scarcely stand, was crawling away to a favorite nook in the hall, the French maid stumbled over her. My! such a temper! Poor Pretty was cuffed and thrown out of doors before she could think what had happened.

Dear little Pretty! The world seemed a hard one that night, with that cold wind making her huddle up under the porch. No wonder that the next day the French maid called her "one stupeed dog," and that on the next after that Pretty became very ill, so ill, in fact, that the lady had

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to telephone to the coachman's wife, who had raised her, to know what to do. The coachman's wife went to see the puppy, and when she saw how badly they had treated the poor little thing, and heard the French maid say she wished the dog would die, that she was tired of taking care of it, she laid the amount of money that had been paid for Pretty on the table and took her home.

Pretty was very glad indeed to find herself once more with her mother, and Gypsy was glad too, and petted her up just as any mother would her sick child.

Pretty told her of all the hard treatment she had received at the hands of the French maid, and ended up her tale by saying, "I only hope they will keep me here now. I know I shall die if they sell me again."

But wise old Gypsy shook her head.

"I heard the coachman's wife say that with good care you would soon be well, and that she would be more careful to whom you were sold next time. So cheer up."



SHE WAS SOLD TO A GENTLEMAN.

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And sure enough, some weeks later, when Pretty was quite as strong as ever, she was sold to a gentleman who wanted a dog as a birthday gift for his son. This time Pretty was not so unwilling to go, because the gentleman spoke so kindly to her that she liked him from the start.

And his son was just as kind as he was, so that Pretty had a very happy home. She never forgot, though, her first home, and the memory of her unhappiness and trouble there made her all the more grateful for the kindness and love she was shown afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT HOME FOR PUNCH.

The next to come for one of Mother Gypsy's puppies was a little girl of twelve, with a heart as big as her head, and she bid fair to be as over particular as the French maid had been careless.

She selected a little white puppy by the name of Punch, with two black ears, and a little black stubby nose and the broadest, most beautiful forehead you ever saw.

It was very hard for her to make up her mind which to take, this white puppy, which was marked exactly like his illustrious grandfather, or a brindle, with white neck band, shirt front, and four white socks.

At last she decided on the white puppy, because he ran to her and made friends with her at first, and acted as if he had known her all his short life. In fact, he was most familiar, for the first thing he did was to untie her shoes and pull and gnaw at the strings. When she picked him

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up, he lay perfectly still over her shoulder with his nose buried in her neck.

If a dog's life ever fell in a pleasant place, this little puppy's surely did. He was fed as regularly as if he were a baby, and not on dog biscuits alone, as most dogs are, until they are so sick of them that they could die of starvation rather than eat them, but on oat meal gruel, chicken and turkey broth with dry bread broken into it, a little apple now and then, or a puppy biscuit soaked in warm water.

Then too, he had a dog basket with an eider-down pillow in it, and a shawl, all his own, to be thrown over him when the weather was cold, and such fun as he had three times a day when his little mistress would play and romp with him. She would lie on the floor, let him run over her and lick her face and hands, and chew her hair.

But life was not all play, even for Punch. His little mistress had an older brother, who was determined that Punch should be "educated as



HE WAS SOLD TO A BREEDER WHO TOOK HIM TO A STABLE WHERE THERE WERE A GREAT MANY OTHER DOGS.

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a gentleman should be," as he said. So part of each day he spent teaching Punch tricks.

First he taught him to jump over a cane when he held it out straight. It took a long time for playful little Punch to learn that he must obey. He usually wanted to frisk about. But after a great many lessons he learned that he must do what he was told. And besides, he found that when he had done his best, he was always given some little dainty to reward him.

And so, in time, he became quite a "trick dog," and could do a great many things that most dogs never will be able to do. He could play "possum," which is to pretend to be dead, and he could say his prayers.

And his reputation for intelligence spread so far over the country that some very learned men came to see him. They could not believe that the stories told of him were true, and wanted to see for themselves. So with his mistress and the professors looking on, Punch was put through all of his tricks. From a great many wooden letters

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he selected those that formed his name. He counted up to fifteen, first barking once, then twice, and so on. It would take too long to tell you of all the things that Punch had learned to do, but it is needless to say that the visitors were delighted with him.

And after they had gone, his mistress put her arms around his neck, and said: "Was there ever so wise a dog?"

And you mustn't think that Punch did not know what she said. Why, he was so proud of himself that he would hardly look at the little Fox Terrier next door when he chanced to meet him that afternoon, although ordinarily they were great friends.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BUSTER.

The third little puppy to go had the most exciting life of all. He was a handsome dark brindle, with a white streak down his face and around his nose. He also had a white breast, white fore legs, and white socks on his hind feet.

His name was Buster. He was sold to a breeder, who took him to a stable where there were a great many other dogs and puppies.

Here they had lots of fun playing together and running round in the straw. There was a large St. Bernard there, who had been with the breeder for a good many years, and who told them a great many stories of his experiences. And if ever any dog had seen life from all sides, this one had. He seemed to have been everywhere and to have seen everything. He told them once of a trip he took with his master across the ocean, and what a time he had, and how sick

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he was. He told them, too, of the time when he had saved a little girl from drowning.

And when one young puppy was complaining of the hard life he had led with his last master, who he said had not given him enough to eat, he told of the time he was lost in a strange city, and how cruel boys had stoned and chased him, until finally some one who knew something about dogs, recognized that he was valuable, and took him home and cared for him, and through an advertisement found who owned him.

This dog took a great fancy to Buster, and the two had many long talks together. Both were very sorry when, at the end of six months, Buster was sold to a gentleman who wished to give him as a present to the young lady to whom he was engaged.

He staid in this place only a short time, too, for one evening when the lovers were sitting on a sofa with the dog between them, he happened to catch his claw into a curl which hung over the

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young lady's shoulder, and in trying to loosen it, he pulled off her wig.

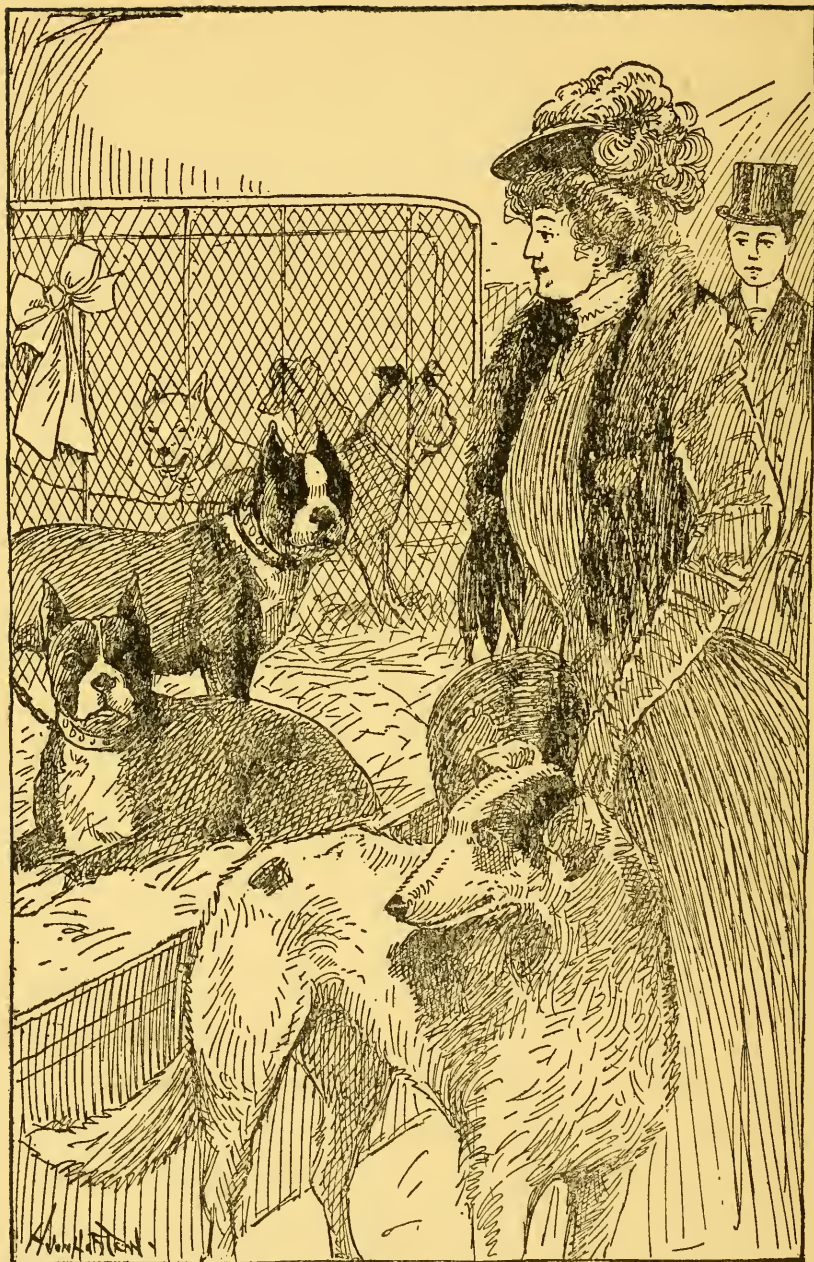
This so enraged her that she picked up a footstool and threw at him as he ran away, the wig still fast to his feet.

The young gentleman, who until this time did not know that she wore a wig, was so surprised and horrified at her display of temper, as well as to find that the golden hair which he had admired so much, was false, that he took his dog and went home, and it was soon heard that the engagement was broken.

This gentleman kept a bachelor apartment, and when he arrived home with his puppy, his valet took a great fancy to the dog, and told the master that if he would keep the dog, he would take care of it for him.

A short time after, the valet coaxed his master to enter his dog in a dog show, which he did, and he took all the prizes in his class and came home with blue ribbons galore.

“Well, of all the disagreeable places I ever



"I HEARD A SOCIETY LADY SAY THAT OUR DAY IS OVER."

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got into," Buster was heard to say to a lady Boston Terrier that was shut in the cage next to his own at the show, "this is the worst. Do they think we are wild animals that are going to eat them,—that they should lock us in these little cages?"

"I am quite sure," said the lady dog, whose name was Peggy, "that I should go mad in a short time if I were shut in here, with the people walking by, pointing their fingers, and making idiotic remarks, to say nothing of the noise of dozens and dozens of dogs barking at once and making such a clamor that one can not hear one's self think. Now just listen to that Great Dane's bark. It is so loud and strong it nearly shakes the building!"

"You are quite right," said Buster, "and listen to that little Pomeranian trying to answer back. It can scarcely be heard in this racket!"

"I heard a society lady say," said Peggy, "that these little Pomeranians are going to be the fashionable dog, and that our day is over. For my

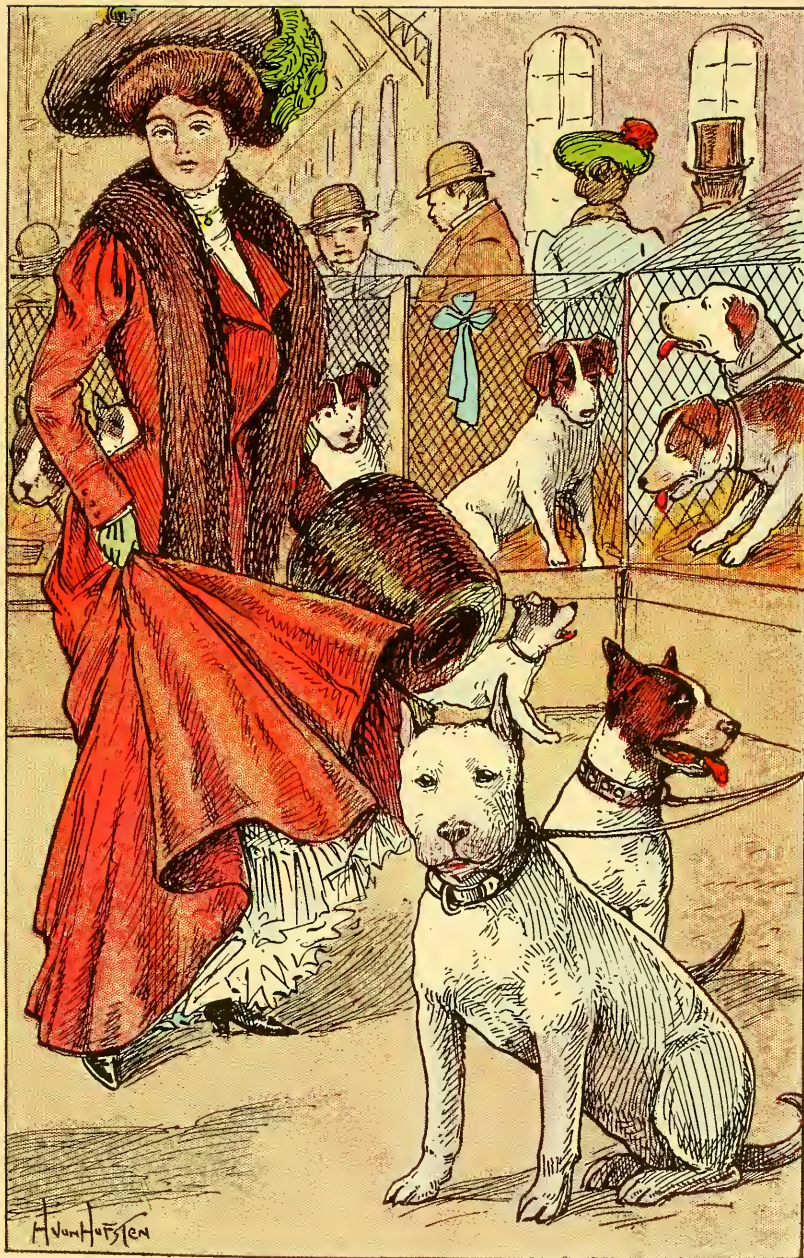
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part, I shall be glad, for I would much rather live in a stable than be shut in a hot, stuffy house, and hear nothing from morning until night, but “Don’t do that, you naughty dog.”

“I can stand all that,” said Buster, “but what I hate is to be led by a short chain. As if dogs did not like to run and chase cats now and then, just for excitement, and not walk along at the heels of some person.”

“It certainly does take all the life out of one,” said Peggy, “and when I am shut in the house and not allowed to run for several days, I always get dyspepsia.”

“It is a wonder we don’t all die,” exclaimed Buster. “One day we are given three meals, the next they forget to give us more than one, and quite often they do not notice that our water basin is empty. And though we tell them with signs as plainly as with words, what we want, by running first to our basins, and then to the water faucet, they will stupidly look at us and say:



THE VALET COAXED HIS MASTER TO ENTER HIS DOG IN A DOG SHOW.

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“What is it you want, that makes you follow me so?”

“Have you ever run away?” asked Peggy.

“Yes, once, and I had the time of my life. I hid and staid out all night, and they were wild, for they thought I had been stolen, or had wandered away in the strange city and been lost. I could hear them calling, “Buster, Buster,” and whistling until they were out of breath, and I was almost afraid to move for fear they would hear me and make me go in. All the time I was under the front porch of the house. I waited until it was quite dark, and then I ran out and down an alley. I never went near the fashionable parts of the city, but kept to the alleys and poor quarters, for I wanted to see how the people and dogs lived in these parts.

“Well, I can tell you, I saw enough that night to last me all my life, for everything was new to me. I had never been out of the aristocratic residence district of the city, and I had never been away from home alone.

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“The first adventure I had was with a cat which I started to chase up an alley. Well, you should have seen that cat raise her back and fly at me! She really looked mountain high to poor me, when she started to fight instead of run, as I had expected her to do. Before I knew it, she gave me a scratch the whole length of my face. This made me mad, and the way I pounced on that cat was a caution, and I really believe I would have killed her, had not some of the boys in the alley started to stone us. She ran up a tree, and I escaped under a fence into a large yard where I was nearly eaten up alive by a big Mastiff, the size of an elephant.”

“Oh, you are joking,” said Peggy, “dogs don’t grow so large.”

“Well, that’s the way it looked to me, any way, when I crawled under the fence and nearly fell down his neck. He was standing near his kennel when my head appeared from under the fence.

“Had the coachman not rescued me by letting

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me run into the stable, I would have been swallowed alive. Afterward I learned that he did it because he saw that I was a valuable dog, and he thought he would keep me and get any reward that might be offered. He knew I was too valuable a dog to let run loose, and when he read on my collar who I belonged to, he said to the stable boy:

“Mike, I have a bonanza in this dog. See who he belongs to. I am going to keep him and make them offer a big reward before I return him. And they will pay it, for this dog is entered to appear at the dog show, and his master is very rich.”

“If you don’t give me part of the money, I will tell the mistress that you are keeping stolen dogs shut in the stable,” said the boy. “Or I will go to the dog’s owner and tell him that you are holding the dog for a reward.”

“Oh, you will, will you, you miserable sneak,” said the coachman to the stable-boy. “I have half a mind to choke you,” and they fell to fighting, and while they were fighting I escaped through

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the back door and into the alley. Once there, I let all cats alone, and ran home as fast as I could. When they opened the front door the next morning, there I sat. You should have seen the petting I got, and the big, hot breakfast they gave me.”

“I got lost once,” said Peggy, “but only for a few hours. My master’s little boy was taking me across the city, and forgot all about me right in the heart of town, and when he got on a street car and left me there, the noise and the racket, and the people and wagons scared me, I tell you, but I finally found my way home again. I thought I never would, though. Harry, that’s my master’s little boy’s name, was mighty glad to see me, when I got home, you can just bet on that. I think my master had scolded him for his carelessness.”

“I shouldn’t care to get lost,” said Buster. “Say, see that Mastiff, doesn’t he think he’s big?”

“And see that Blenheim over there. Aren’t they silly little things? For my part, I am proud

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to think that I am a Boston Terrier, aren't you, Buster?"

"Yes, indeed! We are not so clumsy that we knock everything down in the parlor, when we turn around, and not so small as to be of no use. What would that thing," I am sorry to say Buster nodded toward the Blenheim, who was surrounded by a crowd of admiring ladies, "What would that 'thing' do if a burglar came into the house?"

"By the way," asked Buster, "What is your master's name?"

"Mr. Buckstone."

"You don't say. Why, then we shall be neighbors this summer. My master has just bought the place next to Mr. Buckstone's summer home, and we are going there the first of May."

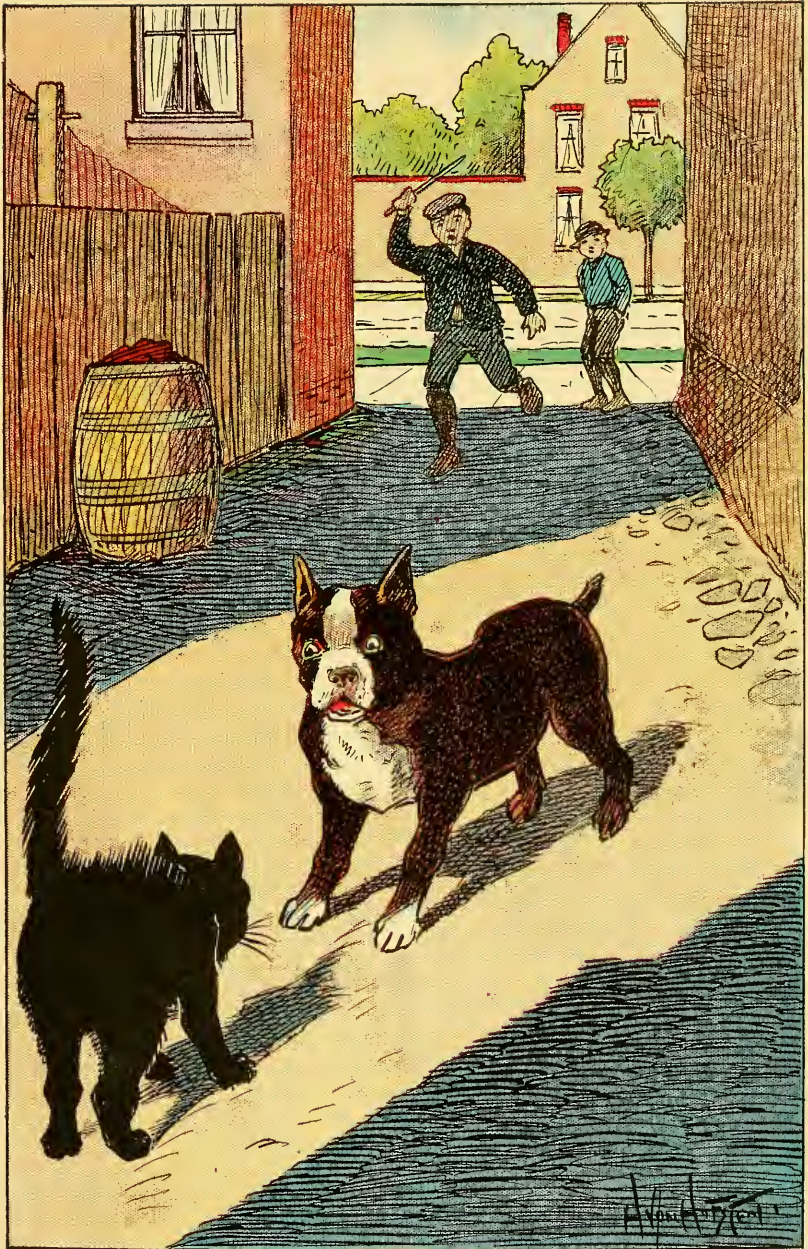
"How perfectly lovely," said Peggy. "Then this won't be our last meeting, as I was afraid it would be."

"No, indeed it won't if I can help it, for to know you is to love you."

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And as Buster had listened to his master making love to his golden haired girl, before he found out that she had a bad temper and wore a wig, he knew how to make love in fine style, and before the dog show was over, Buster and Peggy were engaged to be married, and the wedding was to take place when they met in the country.

This wedding took place in due time, and I now have one of their beautiful puppies, and his name is Punch.



"SHE REALLY LOOKED MOUNTAIN HIGH TO POOR ME."

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CHAPTER V.

PATSY AND HIS LITTLE LAME MISTRESS.

The fourth puppy was sold to a very wealthy little lame girl, and he went with her everywhere, even to Europe.

Once, when they were on board one of the big Atlantic steamers, a gentleman offered the little girl two thousand dollars for her dog, but she would not have taken a million if he had offered it. He was not for sale, and forever after she disliked the man for asking her to sell her pet.

“Think of anyone’s asking me to sell my darling Patsy,” she said. “I would as soon think of cutting off one of my hands as of selling him. Why, he has been with me all my life and helped me bear my pain. When my poor limb was in a cast, and I could not move off the bed, he would come and lay beside me, and his big eyes told me as plainly as if he had said it, that he was sorry for me. Then too, when I was a little thing and

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was very nervous, nurse would lay him beside me in my crib, and I would fall asleep. When I awoke all my nervousness was gone, but the strangest part of it was, that Patsy would seem weak and tired, so I must have taken his strength, and that is why I feel as though he had suffered with me.

“Sell him! Well I guess not. Patsy, come here,” and Patsy, who was never far away from his mistress, came and lay his head on his mistress’ lap, and looked up into her eyes as much as to say, ‘What do you want, little mistress.’ ”

And after that no one wondered that Patsy was not for sale. He always slept outside the door of his Miss Ellen’s room, on a pillow that was kept there for him, and no one could go in the door whom he did not know. Little Miss Ellen was as carefully guarded as if a company of soldiers were stationed there. And if anyone struck at his mistress, even in play, Patsy would growl, and if they kept it up, would seize their

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clothing in his teeth. No one should hurt while he was near.

One time when his mistress was taken to the hospital, where she was to undergo a severe operation, Patsy could not understand why she had left him, and whined all night outside her door, and wandered around the house all day, from room to room, in search of her. They could scarcely persuade him to eat or drink. And finally, when his mistress was strong enough to be brought home, Patsy's delight knew no bounds, and they could hardly drag him away from the bed-side.

And then, too, Patsy had been the hero of an exciting adventure that had made him the envy of all the dogs of the neighborhood at the time, and had made the family more loath than ever to part with him.

It was late on one blustery, freezing afternoon in January, during a heavy snow-fall, when every one had gone away, even the servants, leaving the house unguarded except for Patsy.

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Sitting before the grate fire for a whole afternoon is not very pleasant, when there is no one to talk to, and nothing to watch except the flames, so for exercise Patsy decided to go out for a chat with his old friend Bob, in the stables. Bob was one of the old family horses, who had taken quite a fancy to Patsy, and told him a great many stories of his experiences. The two chatted for a while, Bob telling Patsy about the new stable boy, whom he did not like. He said he was careless, and did not put his blanket on when he came in from driving, and was not careful with his feed.

Before long, however, Patsy remembered that he should be watching the house, and so said to his friend:

“Well, I must be going now. I heard my master telling the other night that some thieves had robbed a house not far away, and it might be they would try to come here. They hadn’t better.”

“Yes,” said Bob, “I heard the men out here

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talking about it, too. It's queer my master would let every one go away and leave the house without any one to guard it."

"Why, he knew that I was as good as twenty watchmen," and Patsy put his head high in the air, his pride hurt to think his friend did not appreciate him.

"Oh, I know you will not let any one get in," answered Bob, "but just the same there are times when a man can do more than a dog."

"Well, I'll go in, anyway. They always leave the window in the cellar open, and I can get up through the house that way."

And so Patsy started back to his post. But no sooner had he reached the top of the stairs than he knew something was wrong. Some one was in that house who had no business to be there! He rushed into the parlor and hall, but saw no one, and at first thought his sense of smell must have misled him, but suddenly he heard a chink, chink, coming from the dining room. He did not wait to think, but in a flash was jumping at the



SUCH A ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHT!

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throat of a burglar, who was so much engaged in transferring some silver forks from their cases into a black bag, that he did not hear Patsy coming.

Such a rough and tumble fight, and such cursing! No matter which way the man turned Patsy held on like grim death. Twice Patsy nearly had him by the throat, but both times the man jabbed at him with something sharp. During the struggle the man had edged toward an open window by which he had come in, and giving Patsy one desperate jab, flung himself out of the window. Not before Patsy had time to get a grip on his leg, though, which even the fall on the ground did not loosen. It was only after being dragged almost a hundred yards, fighting madly all the way, that the loss of blood told, and his grip relaxed. The man left him for dead, and ran as fast as he could, fearing that some one had been aroused by the noise.

For a long time poor Patsy did not know where he was, but after a time he gathered

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strength enough to drag himself towards the house. He could not get up the steps though, and lay, half dead with cold and loss of blood, right on the front walk, where the master coming home at evening, found him.

At first he could not imagine what had happened, but one look at the dining room, with its silver scattered where the burglar, in his surprise, had dropped it, and at the chairs upturned in the struggle, and the open window, and the blood-stains on the snow outside, told them all that was necessary of the story.

To say that Patsy was praised would be putting it very mildly. The master himself saw that the wounds where the knife had cut him, were properly dressed, and patted him on the head, and called him, "Good old Patsy," over and over again, until Patsy thought that he would be willing to do it all over again, even if his head did seem almost to be bursting, and his body was so bruised and sore that even the light touch of his mistress seemed torture.



HAD THE COACHMAN NOT RESCUED ME, I WOULD HAVE BEEN
SWALLOWED ALIVE.

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I might add that from the tracks in the snow, and a cap which had been dropped in the dining room during the fight, the thief was captured.

Patsy was taken down to the police station to help identify the man, which he did to the complete satisfaction of every one. He could not see why his master did not allow him to continue the fight then and there, and it was only by holding him very tightly that his master did keep him from jumping at the man's throat.

The burglar was really afraid at first, until he saw that the dog was safely held. He had had about all of Patsy he wanted for a long time to come, and had bites all over his body. I'm not sure but that Patsy got off easier than he did. When he saw Patsy could not reach him, he cursed him, and said that if it had not been for him, he never would have been caught.

So you see it was no wonder the other dogs were a little envious, for of course the whole story was printed in the paper, and men would

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stop Patsy's master on the street, and congratulate him on possessing such a fine dog..

The day after the adventure, several dogs of the neighborhood were discussing Patsy and his bravery, when Brindle, a disagreeable young puppy, who thought he knew all there was to know, spoke up:

"Any dog could have done that. It is only that we have never had the chance. And now Patsy will think he is too good to associate with us."

"Yes," said Leo, a wise old dog, and quite a friend of Patsy's, "Any dog could, but I know some that wouldn't dare. It seems to me that I saw some young puppy chase that young kitten of Martin's this morning, looking as if he wanted to eat her up, but when she turned on him, what do you think he did? Why he turned tail and ran home as fast as he could."

The dogs all laughed, for they knew Leo meant Brindle.

"Well, who wouldn't run from her," answered

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Brindle. "She is the most vicious little thing I ever saw. Why see this long scratch on my nose? She might have known I wouldn't hurt her. I was only trying to scare her anyway."

"Well," spoke up Nellie, a warm admirer of Patsy's, and with whom, by the way, Patsy himself was very much in love, "if I ran from a cat, I guess I wouldn't talk about Patsy."

"What did I say about Patsy?" complained Brindle. "You always jump on me for nothing." Brindle was in love with Nellie himself, and was trying to straighten matters out, but both Leo and Nellie turned their backs on him, and went away.

As for Patsy, he did not care whether Brindle thought him brave or not. He knew his master and mistress were proud of him, and that was quite enough for any dog. And until Patsy died, the family never tired of telling to strangers the story of his struggle with the burglar, and Miss Ellen always said she felt perfectly safe alone, as long as Patsy was near, and she would

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look at Patsy so fondly that he would come and rest his head on her lap, his old way of telling her how much he loved her.

And so, you see, with a master and mistress that loved and petted him, and looked up to as a very brave dog by all the other dogs of the community, Patsy grew to a good old age, with every comfort one could want.

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CHAPTER VI.

BEANS AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

The fifth puppy, though not so prettily marked as the other dogs, was a dignified, quiet little dog, that never got into mischief, and was always on hand when he was wanted.

He was first sold to a little boy who did not take very good care of him, and one, who not only forgot to feed him, but thought that a dark basement was a good enough place in which to keep a dog, not knowing that dogs, as well as people, have feelings.

He would put him in the dark basement to sleep, without even an old piece of carpet to lie on. Consequently he got rheumatism from the cold, hard cement floor, and his eyes became weak from being in the dark so much.

So one day when he was in the back yard, a very dishonest man from the slums stole him and took him to his home, which, poor as it was, was better than living with the rich boy, for the man

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had a very good little son, who was kind to him, and allowed him to share his bed and board, and if he did not always have enough to eat, neither did the little boy, but what ever the boy had, he shared with Beans. Beans is the name they gave him, because of the round marks on his brindle coat that looked like beans.

And so for almost a year Beans lived with Benny and his father. Sometimes they were cold and hungry, but still they were happy with each other.

But one day there came a change, and Beans and Benny were taken to a pleasant new home. You would have known all about it, had you heard Beans telling the story to a friendly dog he met in the alley near the new home. But as you probably were not near, and maybe would not have understood if you had been, I will tell you what Beans said.

“One day the father did not come home, and Benny and I sat at the window and waited until it was quite dark, when we saw two bright lights



“YES, SIR, HIM AND ME IS GREAT FRIENDS.”

D o g s a n d P u p p i e s

coming down the miserable street in which we lived.

“The lights came nearer and nearer and at last stopped in front of the house. Then came a loud knocking at the door and a policeman asked whether Mr. Stowaway lived there.”

“Yes,” answered Benny, “but he is not at home.”

Then the big policeman looked down at the little pale-faced boy and asked:

“Are you Mr. Stowaway’s little boy?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Where is your mother, my little man?”

“She is dead, sir.”

“Isn’t there any one else at home?” asked the policeman.

“No, sir, I am the only one in the house. All my brothers and sisters are dead, and Beans and I are the only ones here. We are alone most of the time. Won’t you come in, sir?”

“No, thank you, well that is, not just at pres-

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ent. I wish to speak to my partner in the wagon.”

“It took him a long time to speak to his partner, and before he got back, Benny and I were chilled to the bones. When he came back he said he would stay a little while with us. It seemed hard for him to talk at first and he kept watching my little master closely, and every once in a while he would run his sleeve across his eyes.

“After a while he said, “That’s a fine dog you have there!”

“Yes sir, him and me is great friends, and we are together all the time, even when we hide in the box in the alley so the cop can’t find us to take me off to school. I went one day, but they would not let me take Beans in and the boys stoned him away from the door. But when I came out, there he was waiting for me. I promised him then that I would never leave him again.”

“And you need not, my little man, you may take him with you.”

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“But I am not going anywhere.”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, I came to invite you to go home with me and see my children, and stay all night, and if you like it, you may stay several days.”

“Oh, thank you so much. I could not do that, for what would Father say if he came home and did not find us here?”

“My little man, your father will never come back; he was killed by the cars. I brought him here in the patrol-wagon when I came the first time, but when I found you had no mother or brothers and sisters, I took him to a nice place so the city could bury him. Don’t stare at me so child, you make my heart ache for you,” said the kind hearted police-man.

“Then Beans and I will have to go and live in the graveyard, for now Father is gone, we won’t have any home, for I ain’t got no money to pay the rent. I can’t earn any, for when I try to get work, every one says:

“ ‘There, run away, little boy, you are too

D o g s a n d P u p p i e s

small to work,' and then they say, 'Where did you steal that dog?' and I am so afraid they will take Beans from me that we hide most of the time."

"Well, if you will come with me, I will take you and Beans to my house, and as long as I have a roof over my head, I will share it with you, and you shall be treated as though you were my own son. When I tell my wife that you are a poor little orphan she will take you to her heart and be kind to you."

"Do you really think she would take a poor, little ragged boy up in her arms and give him a kiss as my mother used to do?"

"Yes, I know she would, you lonely little fellow, and what is more, she will give you all you can eat, a nice warm bath, clean clothes, and a soft bed to sleep in."

"Are you sure she will let me give Beans some of my supper and let him sleep near me? 'Cause if she don't, I can't go." And he said this in a very determined manner.

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“Of course she will, you brave little fellow. Now get your hat and come with me, and tomorrow we will come back and get your clothes!”

“I ain’t got any to come back for. These on my back are all I have. I never had but two coats, and I cut the back out of the other to make a blanket for Beans.”

“And so here we are,” added Beans. “And a nice home we have, I can tell you.”

“Where is the house,” asked the new friend. “Over there on the corner? I thought that was where you came out of.”

“Yes,” answered Beans. “That little cottage with the large yard. This afternoon Benny and the other boys played at making snow-men. Benny told me that it was the first time he had ever seen that much ground.”

“Never seen that much ground!” said his friend. “How was that?”

“Why you see he has always lived in a tenement, where they don’t have any room for yards.



IT IS A DOG'S NATURE TO CHEW.

D o g s a n d P u p p i e s

The houses are so close together that there is no space between. I do hope we can stay here.”

I am glad to add that the policeman’s wife took the little fellow to her heart, not for that night only, but for many others. And the good people adopted Benny for their son, and he is now grown up into a big, healthy, happy boy.

As for Beans, he has grown so fat and lazy from the good care which he receives, that he hates to move. All the exercise he has, is walking back and forth from school to see that no harm comes to his master.

He walks to the school house behind Benny, then turns and walks sedately back as an old nurse might do. When the clock strikes twelve, he walks quietly out of the house and down the street until he meets his little master.

The children all know and love him and he is never stoned now.

The most any living creature wants in this world is love and appreciation, whether it be dog or man.

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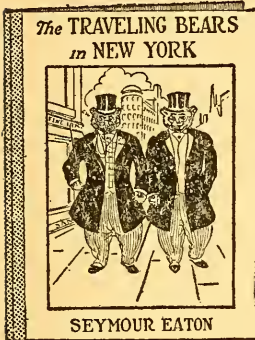
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